

GOD's Revenge AGAINST PUNNING.

*Shewing the miserable Fates of Persons addicted to this
Crying Sin, in Court and Town.*

Manifold have been the Judgments which Heav'n from Time to Time, for the Chastisement of a Sinful People, has inflicted on whole Nations. For when the Degeneracy becomes Common, 'tis but Just the Punishment should be General: Of this kind, in our own unfortunate Country, was that destructive Pestilence, whole Mortality was so fatal, as to sweep away, if Sir William Petty may be believ'd, Five Millions of Christian Souls, besides Women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful Conflagration ensuing, in this famous Metropolis of London, which Consumed, according to the Computation of Sir Samuel Morland, 100000 Houses, not to mention Churches and Stables.

Scarce had this Unhappy Nation recover'd these Funest Disasters, when it pleas'd God to suffer the Abomination of Play-houses to rise up in this Land: From hence hath an Inundation of Obscenity flow'd from the Court, and overspread the Kingdom: Even Infants disfigured the Walls of holy Temples with exorbitant Representations of the Members of Generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to Spell, but they had Wickedness enough to Write the Names thereof in large Capitals; an Enormity, observ'd by Travellers, to be found in no Country but *England*.

But when Whoring and Popery were driven hence by the Happy Revolution; still the Nation so greatly offended, that *Socinianism*, *Arianism*, and *Whistonism* triumph'd in our Streets, and were in a manner become Universal.

And yet still, after all these Visitations, it has pleas'd Heaven to visit us with a Contagion more Epidemical, and of consequence more Fatal: This was foretold to Us, First, By that unparallel'd Eclipse in 1714: Secondly, By the dreadful Coruscations in the Air this present Year: And Thirdly, By the Nine Comets seen at once over *Soho-Square*, by Mrs. Katherine Wadlington, and Others; a Contagion that first crept in amongst the First Quality, descended to their Footmen, and infused itself into their Ladies; I mean, the woful Practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the Corruption of our Language, and therein of the Word of God translated into our Language; which certainly every sober Christian must Tremble at.

Now such is the Enormity of this Abomination, that our very Nobles not only commit *Punning* over Tea, and in Taverns, but even on the
Lord's-

Lord's-Day, and in the King's Chapel : Therefore to deterr Men from this evil Practice, I shall give some True and Dreadful Examples of God's Revenge against *Punsters*.

The Right Honourable ——— (but it is not safe to insert the Name of an eminent Nobleman in this Paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one has been seen ; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his Sleeves :) This young Nobleman was not only a flagitious *Punster* himself, but was accessary to the Punning of others, by Consent, by Provocation, by Connivance, and by Defence of the Evil committed ; for which the Lord mercifully spared his Neck, but as a Mark of Reprobation wryed his Nose.

Another Nobleman of great Hopes, no less guilty of the same Crime, was made the Punisher of himself with his own Hand, in the Loss of 500 Pounds at Box and Dice ; whereby this unfortunate young Gentleman incurr'd the heavy Displeasure of his Aged Grandmother.

A Third of no less illustrious Extraction, for the same Vice, was permitted to fall into the Arms of a *Dalilah*, who may one Day cut off his curious Hair, and deliver him up to the *Philistines*.

Colonel F——, an ancient Gentleman of grave Deportment, gave into this Sin so early in his Youth, that whenever his Tongue endeavours to speak Common Sense, he Hesitates so as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle Gentleman, for the same Crime, banish'd to *Minorca*.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful Officer in the Army, turn'd a miserable Invalid at *Tilbury-Fort*.

Eustace Esq; for the Murder of much of the King's *English* in *Ireland*, is quite depriv'd of his Reason, and now remains a Lively Instance of Emptiness and Vivacity.

Poor *Daniel Button*, for the same Offence, depriv'd of all his Wits.

One *Samuel* an *Irishman*, for his forward Attempt to *Pun*, was stunted in his Stature, and hath been visited all his Life after with Bulls and Blunders.

George Simmons, Shoemaker at *Turnstile* in *Holborn*, was so given to this Custom, and did it with so much Success, that his Neighbours gave out he was a Wit. Which Report coming among his Creditors, no body would Trust him ; so that he is now a Bankrupt, and his Family in a miserable Condition.

Divers eminent Clergymen of the University of *Cambridge*, for having propagated this Vice, became great Drunkards and Tories.

A *Devonshire* Man of Wit, for only saying, in a jesting manner, *I get Up—Pun a Horse*, instantly fell down, and broke his Snuff-box and Neck, and lost the Horse.

From which Calamities, the Lord in his Mercy defend us All.
So Prayeth the Punless and Penyless

J. Baker, Knight.

L O N D O N :

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LETTER

FROM

Sir ^{John} B^{aker} to Mr. P^{ope}, upon Publishing of a Paper, intituled, *God's Revenge against Punning; shewing the Miserable Fates of Persons addicted to this Crying Sin, in Court and Town.* By J. Baker Kt.

REPTILE,

Although thou hast long been undermining my Reputation by thy customary Arts of Calumny and Detraction, thou hast never thought of any Means so effectual for this End, as that of ascribing any of thy own Works to me. Whence this Rancour came into thy Heart, I know not how to imagine, unless it be that thou naturally enviest a Person of an erect Figure and a manly Aspect. Be that as it will, I wonder not that after having father'd a bawdy Psalm on King David, thou shouldst wound the Order of Knighthood through my sides, by publishing under my Name an empty Discourse on so silly and contemptible a thing as a Pun. The World observes, that most of those Persons abused in that idle Lampoon are the shortest Men in the two Kingdoms, which of it self might be sufficient to shew that I had not a hand in it. I should scarce have set my Wit against any of them mentioned in thy Paper, unless peradventure it might have been Colonel F⁻⁻⁻, who is the only Virtuoso in it of six foot high. For as for Button, I look upon him to be neither tall nor short, his Stature being of no significancy to the World. It doth not become me to be the Champion of a few beardless

Punsters :

Punsters: wherefore I shall say nothing of the young Nobility whom thou hast made familiar with, only take this along with thee, That we who heretofore (to make Fools subscribe to thy Writings) used to extol thee to the skies, shall continue so to do, but ——— in a Blanket. It avails nothing to publish thy Works under a borrow'd Name, which are as easy to be distinguish'd as thy Person. Thy Inkhorn overflows with Blasphemy, and thy Pen is always scratching thy Neighbour: for by many of thy late Productions thou seemest to have taken an aversion both to God and Man. Tho many allow thee to be a Witty Vermin, and think that thou art the best of all the Sons of Crambo; thy Mind is so tetter'd with Envy and an Itch after Fame, that thou canst neither rest thy self, nor let any body else be at quiet for thee. But dost thou think we must always be scrubbing thee? or dost thou conceit that Men of Worth and Honour must be abused, because thou canst not sleep a nights? Another Practice thou hast been guilty of, I can't mention without Horrour and Qualms. It seems thou art one of those Practitioners who give Men involuntary Vomits; a Proceeding unbecoming both a Scholar and a Gentleman. Blind Puppies! The Scandal is not in taking, but giving the Vomit; and it is well known Mr. Curll's Betters have been treated in the same manner. I my self am not unacquainted with the Barbarity of these Emeticks: they are dangerous to the Constitution when often repeated, especially upon an empty Stomach. As thou deservest due Chastisement for such underhand Dealings, thou knowest I could take thee from the Earth on the Point of my Sword, that I could destroy thee with the Buffet of my Hat, or smite thee to the ground even with the Breath of my Feather. But *Aquila not capit Muscam*; for I look upon thee to be no better than the Fart of a Jesuit. But if thou continuest to run a-muck at Mankind, it will be no more harm to knock thee on the head than a Pole-cat. For my own part, if thou persistest to abuse me or any Human Form, I will level thy Hump, and break every crooked Bone in thy Body; not thinking it unsuitable to the Order of Knighthood, to root out such a Monster from the Earth.

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